

The Tragidie

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* course,
When the blood was scarfe washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, When I say, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so yong so old a widow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy Wife if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee.
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe cuen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subjects of mine owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours

Qu. Farewell, thou weefull welcomer of glory.

Dut. Glo. A due poore soule thou takest thy leaue of it.

Dut. Tor. Go thou to *Richmond* & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eighty old yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets sound, Enter *Richard* crowned, *Buckingham*,
Catesby, with other Nobles

King. Stand all a part. Cousen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: Here he ascends his throne.

of Richard III

Thus high by thy aduice

Add thy assistance is *King Richard* se

But shall we were these honours for a

Or shall they last and we reioyce in t

Buc. Still liue they, and foreuer may

King. O *Buckingham* now I doe pla

To try if thou be currant gold nede

Yong Edward liues: thinke now wha

Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne

King. Why *Buckingham* I say I wou

Buc. Why see you are my thrice reno

King. Ha: am I *King*? tis so, but *Ed*

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,

That *Edward* still should liue true nob

Cousen thou wert not wont to be so d

Shall I be plaine I wish the bastards d

And I would haue it suddainly perform

What saiest thou? speake suddenly, be

Buc. Your grace may doe your plea

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kin

Say, haue I thy consent that they shall

Buc. Giue me some breeth my Lord

Before I positiuely speake herein:

I will resolute your grace immediatlie.

Car. The *King* is angry see he bites his

King. I will conuerse with iron wittie

And vnrespectiue *Boyes*, none are for

That looke into me with considerate ey

Boy. high reaching *Buc ingham* growe

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whome co

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of d

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented

Whose humble meanes matcht not his h

Gold were as good as twenty Orators,

and will no doubt tempt him to any thi

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is *Terrill*.